And the sun won't resign (until you're by my side)
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/48122254.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Like Minds | Murderous Intent (2006)

Relationships:
Alex Forbes/Nigel Colbie, Nigel Colbie/Alex Forbes

Characters:
Alex Forbes, Nigel Colbie, John Colbie, Helen Colbie

Additional Tags:
Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Canon-Typical Violence, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Incest, If You Squint - Freeform, Murder, Suicide, Angst, Angst and Feels, Blood, Character Death, Gun Violence, The Colbies are their own warning, How Do I Tag, This Movie Is Its Own Warning

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2023-06-25 Words: 2,966 Chapters: 1/1

And the sun won't resign (until you're by my side)

by GrandMoffTisper

Summary

Alex stands alone in the dark. Something is wrong here.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Alex shuffles along the darkened street, hands shoved in his pockets to ward off the damp cold. He wonders for the hundredth time why he feels compelled to answer Nigel's invitation. Alex still cannot explain the pull this infuriating boy has over him, the way he's trapped in the grip of his own fascination. Nigel is insane, of course; he knows that. But there are notes in his mad song that resonate in Alex's heart. Maybe that makes him a little crazy, too.

He reaches the front yard of the Colbie house to find a car parked askew in the drive, keys in the ignition, engine running, radio announcing the evening prayer. Something is wrong here.

There must be a way.

The thought spikes into his mind from nowhere, and he thinks for a moment it's the voice from the radio. He pauses briefly to glance inside the car but finds no enlightenment there.

He moves with uncertain steps up the front walk, knowing now that Nigel's parents must be at home. He hears raised voices and feels himself drawn to the golden light beaming through lace curtains in the front window. It takes him a few moments to decipher the tableau inside the bedroom. He supposes this is what a normal home looks like: the fancy patterned wallpaper, the marital bed lit by the soft glow of two lamps, the wardrobe looming tall and heavy on the far wall. Something is wrong here.

Nigel sits passive and still beside his mother, his bare arms tucked up tight against his torso. Helen is agitated and dismayed as her husband paces back and forth. The man brandishes his beloved shotgun.

Alex cannot look away as this drama unfolds: the photos, the accusations, the growing rage. Nigel's father bares his teeth in a rictus of fury, unable or unwilling to listen to his wife's pleas. Not once amid all this bluster does John look at his son or acknowledge his presence.

Nigel draws inward as the scene plays on. He does not look at his parents. He winces when John waves the gun back and forth.

There must be a way.

Alex flinches. The voice inside his head is his own, but it feels as though it comes from somewhere distant. There is no context for these words. They nag at him like a pebble in his shoe.

He does not understand the part he is meant to play in this story. Perhaps Nigel needs an audience for the climax of the plot he has so cleverly constructed.

Alex stands alone in the dark. Something is wrong here. John's wrath crescendos as he swings the gun from side to side. Alex shifts his feet with indecision. Stones underfoot grate against each other and John startles at the sound. There is a loud roar followed by silence.

Alex rushes inside the house and bursts into the room. There is a woman shrieking and a man moaning a prayer to god and both of them sound distant, a radio playing in another room.

His eyes are drawn to Nigel. His eyes are always drawn to Nigel. The bright, fresh blood is vivid against his white shirt and his pale skin. His head tilts back at an angle against the headboard, blue eyes already shuttered and dark.

Alex finds himself kneeling beside the bed where Nigel sprawls. His head is shaking; a blank and wordless refusal. He cradles Nigel's limp form, letting the blood soak him to the skin, warm as tears.

Something is wrong here.

There must be a way.

Alex shuffles down the empty street, hands shoved into the pockets of his hoodie for warmth. He wonders yet again why he is answering an invitation from a boy who infuriates and perplexes him. He cannot explain why his fascination holds him bound and helpless. Nigel is insane, of course, but some melody in his mad song pulls at Alex. He supposes this resonance means that he is mad, too.

He finds a car parked askew in the Colbie drive. The radio blares out the evening prayer, keys still in the ignition. Something is wrong here.

There must be a way.

He glances at the car, thinking the incongruous voice must have come from the radio, but shouting from the house pulls his attention

away.

He is drawn to the warm light streaming from the front windows. The lace curtains blur the details, and he struggles to understand the hazy tableau. The window frames a picture of the life he's always longed for: a comfortable home, a complete family. Something is wrong here.

Nigel sits stiff and awkward beside his mother, his arms pressed tight against his sides, his gaze fixed on the floor, avoiding the heated exchange between his parents. Helen and John trade hollow words. Her desperate pleas fall on deaf ears. John brandishes the shotgun wildly and his rage is palpable, unhinged. The man never once acknowledges or addresses his own son.

There must be a way.

The words echo in his mind like pebbles in an empty cup. He doesn't know what part to play. He watches Nigel flinch and chooses his role.

He runs for the front door, bursts into the bedroom. John spins toward him with wild eyes, startled by this intrusion. Alex hears a deafening roar, followed by a heavy silence.

The evening prayer drones on. Something is wrong here. He feels the strength drain from his limbs, and the blooming red on his abdomen is warm and wet, and someone on the radio is screaming. He stumbles back against the wall, slides down slowly as Nigel runs toward him.

He is cradled in cold, pale arms. His blood soaks into the white shirt, bright and fresh. His eyes are always drawn to Nigel. Someone is closing shutters in his mind as he stares up into the face that haunts him.

There must be a way.

Alex stares at the car parked askew in front of the Colbie house. He recites the words of the evening prayer in sync with the radio announcer. Something is wrong here.

Nigel invited him and he always answers. The song they sing is the same, and he supposes that means he is just as mad. He finds himself

less bothered by this thought than he expected.

There must be a way.

The words are a refrain he anticipates. He follows the sound of shouts up the walkway to the golden light spilling from the window. The lace curtains blur the scene into a hazy picture of what he's always wanted: mother, father, son, home. He blinks and the hollow illusion wavers and clears. Something is wrong here.

Nigel sits in obvious discomfort beside his mother, thin arms held close to his sides, hands buried beneath the covers. Helen sits beside him in a lacy negligee with a pretty pearl at her throat and pleads with her husband. She looks to Nigel for support, but her son refuses to speak. John swings his beloved shotgun back and forth in a fury and bares his teeth like an animal. He ignores his son's presence; a rejection.

There must be a way.

The refrain is a pebble thrown at a shuttered window inside him. He needs to know what role to choose. His eyes are drawn to Nigel, the author of this play. There is a terrible thundering roar.

Alex bolts into the house and through the bedroom door. John kneels beside the bed and moans at god as the red blooms bright from his wife's chest.

Nigel rises from the bed with his mother's blood vivid across his white shirt and pale skin. He smiles with palpable relief when he sees that Alex has finally arrived. Something is wrong here. Alex knows that Nigel has planned the scene before him, each move orchestrated to produce this horrific result. Nigel is speaking to him from a great distance, like a song on the radio.

John rises from the bedside with his gun and swings the barrel towards Nigel. Alex watches the blue eyes widen with fear, but Nigel stands expectant before his fate.

The accusations echo like a prayer in an empty room. Something is wrong here. He finds himself between the gun and Nigel, shaking his head; a wordless denial. He grabs the barrel, but John will not let go. Alex sees a bright flash, and all the air disappears from the room.

There must be a way.

He knows, he knows, he knows. There must be a way, but he cannot find it. The radio keeps playing in the distance, a chorus of repeated no's; a refusal.

His eyes are drawn to Nigel, above him now, cradling his limp form on the floor. His own blood is bright and fresh on Nigel's face, warm as tears. He stares up into the face that haunts him and he supposes this must be what love feels like.

There must be a way.

Something is wrong here.

Alex recites the words of the evening prayer as he stares through the lace curtains. The words form the verses of the song he sings with Nigel. In the frame before him is a blurry photo of the life he wants, but he knows by now it is hollow and rotten. Something is wrong here.

Nigel invited him. He will always answer.

There must be a way.

He flinches at the words. He knows he has been searching for something he cannot find, one small pebble in the void.

Nigel sits beside his mother in her low cut negligee, waiting for the climax of the story he has written. He hunches inward like a little boy who has learned to turn himself into the smallest possible target. Alex watches him refuse to aid his mother; a rejection. She pleads with John, who responds with animal fury. Nigel does not exist to him.

There must be a way.

Alex needs to find the role that is meant for him. He must find the path through this maze. The roar of the gun punctuates his thoughts and his feet carry him once again into the bedroom.

John moans a mindless, mad prayer to god over his wife's body, the single pearl at her neck incongruous with the bright spread of blood below it.

Nigel smiles with relief when he sees Alex arrive. Nigel writes the script they follow, plots the punishment of the guilty. Something is wrong here. Alex does not notice the man fiddling with the gun.

Nigel speaks to him as he closes the distance between them but his attention is pulled away by sudden movement. John rises and turns, his eyes wide, shuttered against reason by grief and bestial rage. He swings the gun up towards them.

There must be a way.

Doubt creeps in. The double flash of the gun is followed by distant thunder.

His eyes are drawn to Nigel as they both fall. Their bright blood mingles as it blooms across the floor, warm as tears. The pale, thin arm reaches for him. He stares into the face he loves as their eyes go dark together.

Something is wrong here.

Alex does not want to look at this picture anymore. The lace curtains obscure the travesty within, a hollow veneer over a rotten core. The song he sings to Nigel echoes dimly from the radio. Something is wrong here.

He always answers Nigel's invitation. He follows the script. He yearns to help the little boy who tries to disappear. He understands that John is not the only villain in the scene. He tries on a new role and picks up the gun.

There must be a way.

He shakes his head; a refusal. He cannot keep sifting this mountain of pebbles praying he will find the right one.

Nigel lifts his pale arms to placate Alex. The lines feel hollow and distant, recited by rote.

Something is wrong here.

Alex trembles under the weight of decision. He lifts the gun, but the

man grabs the barrel to wrest it back from Alex. The gun swings wildly with a blinding flash.

Nigel crumples to the floor. The blood is bright and vivid against his white shirt. The blue eyes are wide and dark with fate.

There must be a way.

This is not the way. Maybe there is no way.

He cradles Nigel's pale, thin form, and his tears fall warm as blood onto the face he loves. The evening prayer drones on. Something is wrong here. The distance between love and madness seems to collapse. He cannot do this anymore.

Alex stands in the dark street and refuses to move. He knows the way by heart, could follow this script with eyes closed, but he shakes his head; a denial. Nigel invited him but he cannot answer again. He is insane and so is Nigel and their song blends perfectly, but he does not have the strength to continue this search.

There must be a way.

He stands alone in the dark.

His body yearns to move on its appointed path. He fights the urge as long as he can but finally gives in.

No prayer is spoken. The radio is quiet, the car battery drained. Something is wrong here.

Silence and light flow in equal measure from the front window. Alex stares at the vivid splash of blood on the lace curtains. Something is wrong here. This home was always an illusion, rotting and hollow.

He wants nothing from this place except the one thing he cannot seem to hold.

Alex drifts through the bedroom door and regards the dark tableau. Helen slumps on the bed in her skimpy negligee, the pearl at her neck stained by the splash of blood below it. John has fallen backward across her legs, his beloved gun still clutched in his hand. Red blooms

from the ruined face fixed in a snarl of rage.

Alex shudders and looks away. Something is wrong here.

His eyes are drawn to Nigel sprawled on the floor by the window, his thin arms pressed tight against his torso.

The story will always end in punishment. No one here is innocent.

There must be a way.

Maybe he will search forever and never find it. Despair catches in his throat like a dry pebble.

When he has finished his work, the flames lick upwards against the ornate wallpaper as it curls and chars. The lace curtains blaze to ash like prayers.

All the air disappears from the room. Someone is throwing open shutters inside his mind, a warm light streaming out. He cradles Nigel's limp form in his arms and stares into the face that haunts him, and he knows now that madness and love are the same thing. He is holding the only thing he wants.

There must be a way.

Alex shuffles along the darkened street, hands shoved in his pockets to ward off the damp cold. Nigel invited him and he always answers. He supposes they are counterparts of the same song, madness and love mingled in equal measure.

He stops short when his foot grates against a small pebble on the sidewalk. He stoops and retrieves it, squints at it under the dim streetlights. He likes the way it feels in his hand, smooth and somehow familiar. He slips it into the pocket of his jeans where several others already rest.

He measures his steps, pauses at the car parked askew, contemplates the evening prayer.

The lace curtains await him with the usual tableau. He watches the scene play out: John paces with his beloved gun; Helen pleads to no

avail, a pearl resting at her throat. Nigel shrinks away from them both.

There must be a way.

He cannot place the feeling he has right now, but his instincts drive him forward. The shot rings out, and he moves into the house at a measured pace.

John moans by the body of his wife. Nigel is relieved at his arrival, and Alex wonders why he always doubts.

Nigel is the only thing Alex wants. He asks himself for the first time: what does Nigel really want?

There must be a way.

Alex picks up the gun. Nigel raises pale, thin arms to placate him. He shouts at Nigel to stay away. He needs time to think, he can feel the answer within reach. Nigel has written this script to mete out punishment, but no one here is innocent. Nigel invites Alex but does not dare to believe that he can survive his own story.

Suddenly John is between them, grabbing wildly at the barrel. Alex hears the familiar thunder, and John crumples to the floor. He stares down at the body and then up at the face he loves. They are both still alive.

Alex does not know what happens next.

Alex shuffles along the train tracks, soaked to the bone with the winter rain. He flees like a coward, unable to face Nigel's confession or the truth of his own deeds. He supposes that makes him a hypocrite. He needs space to think. The song they sing together becomes deafening. Even now it threads through his mind like a radio playing in a distant room, love and madness mingled.

He hears someone call his name. His eyes are drawn to Nigel, striding from the darkness with John's gun in hand. Something is wrong here.

Nigel bares his teeth in a rictus of fury. Alex shakes his head; a

refusal. He is unable or unwilling to listen. The drama unfolds in the usual way as they struggle on the tracks. Alex presses the gun to the face that haunts him, the face he loves.

Something is wrong here.

There must be a way.

End Notes

This is my first ever fanfic! I've had this idea banging around in my head for a couple months and decided it was time to make the attempt. I know it's rather stylized and conceptual, but hopefully it gave you the same feels I had while writing it. I did NOT know how to tag this or summarize it without spoiling the premise.

Thank you to all the members of the Murder Boyfriends discord server for all the discussions, but especially Galicia for the amazing fics and the daily fix.

You can find me as @laurelwen on Tumblr for a plethora of ridiculous posts about this movie!

Songs I listened to while writing:
“Ya’aburnee” - Halsey (whence the title)
“The Great Below” - Nine Inch Nails
“Let Me Follow” - Son Lux
“Bells in Santa Fe” - Halsey
“Between the Bars” - Elliot Smith
“I Found” - Amber Run

Thanks for the beta to my good friend Emily, who of old was known as "Ramiel," in the world before fanfic sites were even a thing.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!